MERCVRIVS MVSICVS:

OR, THE

Monthly Collection

Of New TEACHING

S O N G S.

For *July* and *Auguſt.*

A SONG Sett by Mr. John Weldon, *of* Oxon.

He wake — — — — — — — — ful

Nightingale, the wake — — — — — — — — ful Nightingale that

takes no reſt; While *Cupid* warms, while *Cupid* warms his lit— — — — tle, lit— — — tle

Breaſt; All night how ſweetly, how ſweetly he com—

—plains, and makes us fear that Love — — — — — — — — — — has pains:

no, no, no, no, tis no ſuch thing, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, 'tis no —— ſuch thing, for

Love that makes him Wake, for Love that makes him Wake, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - makes him Sing, no, no, no, no, 'tis no ſuch thing, for Love that makes him

wake, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -

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makes him Sing, no, no, no, no, 'tis no ſuch thing, for Love that make him

wake, - makes him Sing.

A SONG *Set by Mr.* Crofts.

He wan- -ton *Cælia,*

the wan -ton *Cælia* fain woud try the

plea- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -ſures of Intreague: Her Wit, her Charms did all,

all, all, all, all com—-ply; to form an a- - - - - - - - - - - - -

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-morous Leagve, her Maid was made the Confidant, her Maid was made the

Confidant, who got a modiſh ſpark; that ſtrait ſupplyd, her Lady's wants, and pleas'd her in the

Dark, that ſtrait ſupply'd her Ladies wants, and pleas'd her in the Dark.

The Bu—s'neſs done the Maid grew Proud,

the bus'——neſs done the Maid grew Proud, Sullen, Saucy,

Pert, and Loud; Sullen, Saucy Pert, and Loud; She Huft and Puft, and

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who but ſhe, and made the houſe like Hell, ſhe forc'd her Lady to a-gree; for fear the

Quean ſhou'd tell, ſhe forc'd her La---dy to a-gree, for fear the Quean ſhou'd tell. She

taun——————ted thus, and in the end, the patient, the patient *Cælia*

ſaid, confide in Mother Aunt or Friend, but never, never, never, never, never truſt your

Maid; but never, never, never, never, never truſt your Maid; But never, never, never never

never, truſt your Maid; but never, never, never, never, never truſt your Maid.

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A SONG Sett by Mr. John Barrett.

Y Ou fly——————

—— and yet you love me too, you fly——————

——— and yet you love me too ; Curſe on the Female, Curſe on the Female, Fe—male,

Females Arts; If I ſhou'd Dye what wou'd you, wou'd you do, for fly——————

- -ing breaks my Heart? Or do you think the more you

fly, the more——————I will perſue; No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, in re—turn your

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Arts I'll ſcorn, and *Cynthia*, *Cynthia* fly- - - - - - - - - - - - from you.

A Two Part SONG *Set by Mr.* Crofts.

Ho, who wou'd, value plea- - - - - -ſures, who, wou'd value

Who, who wou'd value

plea——-- ſures, who, who wou'd value plea- -ſures

plea——--ſures, who, who wou'd value plea- -ſures

here, or a—ny thing, or a—ny thing, or a—ny thing the World, the

here, or a—-ny thing, or a—-ny thing the World, the

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World counts dear? What man of ſence cou'd e're deſire, what man of ſenſe cou'd e're de-—

World counts dear? What man of ſence cou'd e're deſire;

—ſire? Bleſ---ſings, Bleſ—ſings which ſo ſoon expire, Bleſ- - - - - - - - - - - - -ſings, Bleſ——

Bleſ—ſings, Bleſ--ſings which ſo ſoon ex—pire, Bleſ- - - - - - - -ſings,

- - - - - - - - - -ſings ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon expire: But when Divine *Cle—*

Bleſ- - - - -ſings wch. ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon, ſo ſoon ex--pire.

——*me--nes* by, but when Divine *Cle--me--nes* by, di---vine *Cle--me--nes* by, and

But when Divine *Cle—me--nes* by, when Divine *Cl—me—nes* by, Di—vine *Cle—menes*

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figh——ing at her feet I lye, and figh-———-ing at her feet I lye;

by; and figh———-———ing at her feet, and figh-ing at her feet I lye;

I find ſuch joy- - - - - - - - - - I en—vy none, none, I find ſuch

I find ſuch joy, - - - - - - - - - - - - I

joy - - - - - - - - - - - - I en—vy none, none, I en———vy none,

en——vy none, I find ſuch joy, I envy none, I find ſuch

none, none, I find ſuch joy, - - - - - - - - - - - - I find ſuch

joy - - - - - - - - - - - - I en—vy none, none, I find ſuch

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Slow.

joy, - - - - - - - - - - - - - - I en—vy none, and pi—ty Monarchs, pi—ty

joy, - I en—vy none, and pi—ty

Monarchs on a Throne.

Monarchs on a Throne.

The following SONG Tune for the *FLUTE.*

Take not the firſt refuſal ill,

A SONG Sett by Mr. Berenclow.

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TAke not the firſt refuſal ill, tho' now ſhe won't, a—non ſhe will; Tho' now ſhe won't a——

——non ſhe will; take not the firſt re---fuſal ill, She were not Woman if ſhe knew, one moment

what the next ſhe'd do, ſhe were not Woman if ſhe knew, one moment, one moment what the

next ſhe'd do; If you'l have patience ſhe'll be kind, kind, ſhe'll be kind, to day ne'er

knew to morrow's mind, wait till you find her in the Cue, if you don't ask her,

aske her, ſhe, ſhe'll ask you.

For the *FLUTE.*

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The wakefull Nightingale.

You fly and yet you Love me to.

FINIS.